

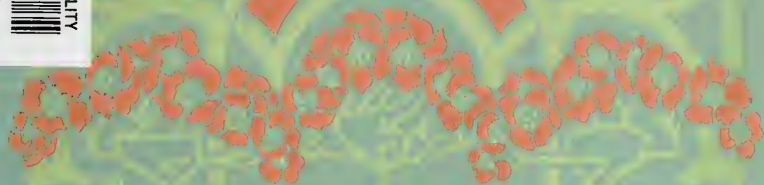
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# THE INTELLECTUAL MISS LAMB

FLORENCE MORSE  
KINGSLEY





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THE  
INTELLECTUAL  
MISS LAMB







"You 'll have to help me get him out of here."



# THE INTELLECTUAL MISS LAMB

BY

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

AUTHOR OF "THE TRANSFIGURATION OF  
MISS PHILURA," "THE RESURRECTION  
OF MISS CYNTHIA," ETC.



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THE  
INTELLECTUAL MISS LAMB



## THE INTELLECTUAL MISS LAMB

MISS R. LAMB was pretty. This might be set down as merely an agreeable statement pertaining to Miss Lamb's sentient bodily structure, had her prettiness been of the palely classic or even of the darkly severe order. But the sort of exuberantly youthful, kittenish beauty exhibited in Miss Lamb's pink and white, curl-shaded, cherubic countenance was

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not far from being ridiculous when one perforce took into account the correlative fact that Miss Lamb was little more than a walking edition of the great Greathead's "Physiological Psychology." Now, the merest tyro in book-making would know better than to invest a profound treatise on the "Philosophy of Mind" with a rose-colored binding pranked out with a profusion of gold curlicues and illuminated text. And this simple illustration exactly fits Miss Lamb's case: her binding, if one may use the term, was strikingly inappropriate.

It is altogether probable that

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Miss Lamb herself recognized the fact and deplored it, for she invariably wore the primmest and plainest of plain gray gowns when engaged in the arduous duties of her profession, and her tendrilly yellow hair was sternly inhibited from the liberties it would have liked behind her pink little ears. More than once she was observed to blush angrily when new students focused dreamy stares of admiration upon her undeniable charms. Later, these unwary ones were likely to forget that their instructor's eyes were the color of early violets, in their efforts to recall the illusive statements of psychology. The inci-

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sive coldness of Miss Lamb's demeanor upon such occasions was sufficient to chill the most exuberant of her youthful admirers into a state of objectified reluctantism, than which there is nothing more unpleasant, when one comes to understand what the term means.

Miss Lamb was known to be working for her doctor's degree with the same avid persistency which she had displayed in obtaining lesser honors. To this praiseworthy end her corridor door frequently bore the legend: "Engaged; do not knock or enter."

It was Meredith Randolph who inscribed the words "To whom?"



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after the word "Engaged," a piece of impudence by no means original with Meredith, no fewer than twenty elderly alumnae claiming to have invented it in the eighties. The original thing, as might have been expected, happened next: Miss Randolph not only knocked, but entered. She also stopped behind the closed door an unconscionable length of time.

"What in the world—?" yawned Spriggy Post, when the flushed adventuress at length emerged to view. "We've watched that door for an hour, and had come to the painful conclusion that you had been sacrificed on the stony altar

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of science. The creature's cold-blooded enough to vivisect an angel."

"Your closing remark very neatly describes what took place, Miss Post," said Meredith. "Allow me to tender my congratulations upon the astonishing development of your intuitive faculties. I agree with you that 'the creature' is entirely inhuman at present, and therefore, after careful study of correlative psychoses, I've decided to ruin her career."

"What do you care about her career?" sniffed Nancy Powell. "She's R. Lamb, B.A., M.A., already, and she'll shortly annex

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Ph.D. to the list. After that, in the course of nature, she'll ripen off, so to speak, till she looks like a last year's mullein-stalk. Those pinky blondes always do."

"What does 'R.' stand for?" lazily inquired a freshman.

"Riddle-of-the-sphinx, my innocent young friend," Miss Post told her. "That is one of the one hundred and one weird peculiarities about Lamby: she has never seen fit to acquaint an interested public with the title she bore as a studious infant. She told Merry Ran' that inasmuch as her given name did not coalesce with the definite aims and purposes of her career, she had

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decided to suppress it. The other one hundred delightful idiosyncrasies which distinguish the lady you will find out for yourself before you take your degree, and far be it from me to forestall the joys of discovery."

"On the contrary, our young friend will have to be quick about it," observed Miss Randolph; "for precisely at this point you will observe the formation of an exceedingly complex psychophysical hallucination which will inevitably lead our beloved Lamby to the matrimonial altar."

"To the *what?*" intoned the au-

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dience, like the chorus of a Greek tragedy.

“Matrimonial altar was the destination I mentioned,” mildly replied Miss Randolph. “Some of you are already aware that I am to be married to Jimmy Sayre in July; but you probably do not know that Miss R. Lamb, M.A., will officiate on that festive occasion as maid of honor.”

“No!” responded the chorus, with fine rendition of despairing negation.

“Yes,” amended Miss Randolph, cheerfully. “I’ve asked her, and she’s consented.”

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“What did she say when you asked her?” inquired Miss Post, with unconcealed curiosity.

“Your note-books, young ladies, if you please,” began Meredith, eyeing her hearers with chilling dignity. “Now, if you are quite ready, we will begin. Our astute and erudite instructor first subjected your humble servant to a brief but searching examination, focused chiefly upon the correlated impulses, instincts, and desires which led up to my present conscious state. She deplored the inevitable sequence, but professed a lively interest in the (to her) wholly unfamiliar psychoses relating to the

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conative processes of so-called love-making. I regret to say that I flatly flunked the examination, for I could n't for the life of me give one analyzable reason why I should have fallen in love with Jimmy; whereupon she propounded the following axiom, which I should advise you to memorize at once: 'The outreaching of blind, instinctive impulse should ever be rigorously inhibited, else why were we given an intellect?'"

The chorus gurgled softly with excessive joy.

"Lamby has consented to act as maid of honor at my wedding for the sole purpose of studying at

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close range a type with which she is wholly unfamiliar," continued Miss Randolph, unsmilingly, "but which deserves some slight recognition in Lamb's 'Comprehensive Primer of Physiological Psychology' (in process of preparation). I refer to the adult male human. I will add that Mr. William Gregg is to officiate as best man."

Nancy Powell wiped her eyes. "Oh, *why* must I go to Europe this summer?" she sighed. "I sha' n't see anything to compare with it!"

"Tell me about him," demanded Miss Post.

"Do you mean Billy Gregg? Well, he's big, simple-hearted, and



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good-looking, in the plain, clean style we all like. I should probably have fallen in love with him myself if I had n't met the incomparable J. S. first. He'll be just the one for Lamby," she added complacently.

"I call it a mean shame to cast pearls before—"

"We're not forbidden to cast them before *lambs*, my child," Miss Randolph informed her, with a superior air.

*An Excerpt from "Types of Mental Development, Consisting of Various Groupings of Individuals according to Temperament,*

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*Sex, Age, and Race. Collected and Tabulated by R. Lamb, Wellesmarer College*”:

“TYPE XIV: INDIVIDUAL NO. 1. Temperament, indeterminate; sex, male; age, thirty (approximately); race, indeterminate (probably Anglo-American).

“ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTAL NOTES. GROUP 1: (a) The individual, William Gregg, is one of the few types of the human male adult I have been able thus far to examine at close range. What I have already ascertained with regard to this particular type fills me with an active desire to know more of it. As the relation of body to

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mind affords in itself an inexhaustible field for research, I will first briefly describe the physical appearance of W. G., keeping clearly in view the fact that the human body represents merely a system of physical elements which, under exceedingly complex and obscure influences from internal forces, modified by the action of age, sex, and environment, attains temporarily a certain morphological and physiological unity.

“W. G. is an exceedingly well-developed specimen, of a fine and commanding presence. Arguing from the outward aspect to the inward stream of consciousness, one

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would infer, at a first inspection, a powerful and commanding intellect. The contour of the individual's head and features still further confirms this primary inference. His eyes are in color gray, with glints of brown in their depths. I noticed particularly that in conversation the tint of the iris seemed to darken, indicating clearly the singular force of the cerebral action, I made, further, somewhat careful mental notes regarding the hair, texture of the skin, etc., as all of these phenomena are invariably correlated to mind in the most intimate way.

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“The brief table appended below recalls these facts:

Hair—Dark brown, abundant, waving.

Skin—Of a brownish cast (perhaps induced by the action of the sun).

Teeth—White, even, and sound (as far as I was able to examine them).

Eyes—Brilliant gray, with brownish shadings.

Brows—Even, firm, and dark.

Lashes—Long and curling.

Forehead—Medium height; temples commanding and prominent.

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Mouth—Well cut, giving a smiling and agreeable expression.

“(b) I was not able, in the short time allotted to conversation, to sound the depths of W. G.’s mental processes; I shall hope to do this on some future occasion. But the following incident, slight as it is, may possess an important bearing on successive psychoses. As we (W. G. and I) followed the newly wedded pair down the aisle after the performance of the marriage ceremony (more of this under INDIVIDUAL. MEREDITH RANDOLPH. ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTAL GROUP IV; note c), I noted the fact that W. G.’s arm, upon which I was

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leaning, trembled excessively. The fact interested me, pointing as it did to some corresponding emotional disturbance. When seated in the carriage I inquired briefly as to the cause of the phenomenon noted. W. G.'s reply surprised me.

“‘I was wishing that I'd just been married,’ he said.

“‘Indeed,’ I questioned. ‘And what led to so remarkable a desire?’

“‘Do you call it remarkable?’ he asked.

“‘From my standpoint, yes,’ I replied. I can scarce conceive the momenta of mental movement, arrived at by converging two widely differing streams of conscious-

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ness into a single channel, as being conducive to the highest good of the individual.'

"He stared at me fixedly for a minute, as if trying to grasp the full significance of my comment; then replied decidedly, 'Well, do you know, I can.'

"'But is not this merely a primary inference?' I asked lightly. 'How, for example, can one put one's finger upon some definite point and say, just here emerged my first sensation of yellow, or the first feeling of esthetical emotion, or the first perception of a human face?'

"'I can do all that,' he replied,



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with a confident air. I've just realized yellow and blue and pink for the first time in my life, and I shall know to a dot when I fell in—'

"He did not complete this interesting statement; and as the carriage at that moment stopped in front of the house, I was not able to examine him further upon the point. I shall do so at my earliest opportunity."

*Mr. William Gregg to Mrs. James Sayre.*

"DEAR MRS. SAYRE: Some old theological duffer once assured his congregation that the joys of the

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saved would be indefinitely enhanced by beholding the tortures of the damned, which they could conveniently do from the safe battlements of the Celestial City. Now if you can spare the time to peep over the rim of your crescent honeymoon you will be able to augment your bliss by observing the sufferings of a rash and impetuous idiot, who is decidedly 'out of it' at the present writing.

"I should have waited, of course, and conducted my courtship after the time-honored fashion; but I could n't bear to think of her grinding away for another year in

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that confounded college. Besides, I had somehow acquired a ridiculous idea that she liked me. To cut a weird tale short, I ran down on my car to Wood's Holl, where she had told me she was going to study in some beastly biological Laboratory. I found her working with a microscope over a lot of messy-looking stuff. She said she was studying types of the higher cryptogams. I can't for the life of me say why this should have caused me to become temporarily deranged; but it did, and I proposed on the spot. I did n't mean to, of course—at least not then. She

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looked at me as impersonally as though I were a jelly-fish, and informed me that I had completely confused my primary inferences. She was as sweet and cool as a flower; and what do you think I did next? I kissed her. I simply could n't help it.

"I draw a veil over the scene that followed. Henceforth I am far, far less to her than any sort of creature, vertebrate or invertebrate. I've just one spark of comfort (?): she says I may come to see her again, for—mark this—she's making a tabulated analysis of my 'type' which she would like

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to complete. Ye gods! what have  
I done to deserve this?

“Yours wretchedly,  
“W. G.”

*Mrs. Sayre to Mr. Gregg.*

“DEAR BILLY: You certainly are  
all kinds of an idiot. Yet I have  
hopes of you. The idea of your  
not knowing any better than to  
propose to Lamby in a laboratory!  
She’s positively inhuman under  
such circumstances, and nobody  
knows that better than I do. But  
I’m glad you kissed her. Really,  
that was great! It’ll prove such  
a shock to her perceptions that

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she'll study over its correlated psychoses the rest of the summer. In the end you'll win. I'm sure of it. But, for goodness' sake, don't do any more love-making till I've had a chance to advise you further!

“Yours faithfully,  
“*Meredith Randolph Sayre.*”

*Excerpt from Miss Lamb's "Tabulated Records"*

“ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTAL NOTES. GROUP II: (a) I find the individual W. G. of increasing interest. I am at present inclined to indicate the temperament in this case as choleric, though possibly

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the compound term choleric-sentimental would more nearly indicate the fact. I own that I was surprised to find the sentimental expressing so strongly in the individual W. G.; I should thoughtlessly have credited him with a greater degree of subjectivity.

“At this point I am inclined to recall the principle of relativity as somewhat explanatory of the succeeding phenomena. Thus, W. G., being profoundly impressed by the scene of the wedding festivities, received therefrom a complex mental impression, resulting in (1) a complete disturbance of ideation; (2) a consequent modification of ac-

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companying feelings; (3) a distinct psychophysical hallucination.

“This latter phenomenon was, curiously enough, focused upon myself in the most singular manner. So far, I am forced to admit the insufficiency of analysis as correlated to the synthetic activity of my own consciousness. I have determined to reserve its rapidly succeeding psychoses for more detailed and careful study at some future time, when the inevitable agitation attending the event shall have subsided to an appreciable degree.

“I am sensitive that there is much



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to be learned in this unwonted experience."

II

(THREE YEARS LATER)

*Mr. Wm. Gregg to Mrs. James Sayre.*

"DEAR MRS. SAYRE: You'll not be surprised, perhaps, to learn that I'm booked for Russia, Australia, and—the Lord knows where. Having scored a distinct failure in the rôle of devoted lover which I too hastily elected, I have decided to betake myself to parts

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unknown and stay there till I have succeeded in forgetting—Psychology.

“I saw her yesterday—for the last time, I believe. The interview was undoubtedly an interesting one from a scientific point of view; but I was unable to appreciate it. The net result of my three years of misplaced devotion lies before me as I write, in the shape of a thin, small volume entitled ‘Lamb’s Primer of Physiological Psychology: With Copious Explanatory Notes and Descriptive Tables.’ It contains my name, and the neat autograph of the author, ‘R. Lamb, B.A., M.A., Ph.D.’

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"I am haunted by a sense of something divinely sweet and womanly beneath her impenetrable exterior, and I'm reduced to the pitiable condition of a man perishing with thirst while he listens to the cooling trickle of a rock-bound spring a hundred feet underground. She's to be full professor of that damnable philosophy next year. Pardon the profanity; I fancy you'll find it justifiable.

"W. G."

*Mrs. Sayre to Mr. Gregg*

"DEAR BILLY: I've been feeling so wretchedly unhappy for the last two years as I reflect upon my own

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guilty complicity in this affair of yours and Lamby's, that J. is quite sorry for me. It's effectually broken me of the match-making tendency, though. Catch me ever trying to make another woman happy! Billy, she is n't worth it. She's just a miserable little pink-and-white copy of a psychology primer herself. I ought to have known better. The bare idea of her actually preferring any number of ridiculous letters after her name to the glory of writing M-r-s. before yours!

“And yet—and yet—I had a letter from the creature this morning, and in it she said two or three

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things that made me wonder if she's quite so inhuman as she appears. I've an idea, too,—a sort of forlorn-hope scheme. If you're not too irrevocably committed to your Ishmaelitish idea, come to Lenox for July. Your cottage is right next to the one we've taken for the season. In any event, you couldn't be worse off than you are. Besides, I want you to see your namesake. William is simply immense in every sense of the word! I am depending upon him to cut this "Gordon knot," as Jimmy calls it.

"As ever, faithfully yours,

"M. R. S."

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*Mrs. Sayre to Miss Lamb*

"DEAR LAMBY: We are all awfully pleased to know that you can come to us for July. You'll be delighted with William, I know. We call him William to distinguish him from the human male adult known to us as Billy.

"William is an absolutely normal specimen of The Child, and as such ought to engage your scientific attention for at least a month. Who knows what new light you may be able to shed upon the nature of instinct as differentiated from impulse and desire, and the correlation of all three to the appetitive

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consciousness! I fear that William at present presents a sad example of the human infant swayed solely by uninhibited impulse. But he's all the more fascinating on that account.

“No; I'm not disposed to find fault with you, Lamby, because you have broken Billy Gregg's heart and trampled him under foot like an earth-worm for more than two years. I've carefully analyzed the matter, and concluded that you are simply the victim of a large and indefinite amount of hallucination, and that your sense-perceptions are correspondingly deflected from the normal. I'm awfully

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sorry for you, Lamby. I never supposed that you would so confuse the primary inferences with true logical concepts. But perhaps you can't help it, poor dear!

"Yours psychologically,  
"M. R. S."

*Excerpt from Miss Lamb's "Tabulated Records"*

"I HAVE in immediate prospect the first opportunity of my life to study the human infant at first hand. William Sayre has attained the age of two years, a period of the greatest possible interest to the psychologist. In order to obtain the most complete account



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of this interesting individual, I shall in future resort to the more simple narrative style, interspersed with a few brief tables, with a view of reducing the whole to an intimate psychophysical study of The Child at my earliest opportunity. The circle of means to be employed will embrace (1) observation; (2) analysis; (3) induction; and (4) the framing of theories, to be tested, when possible, by experiment.

“Objectively considered, the individual William is described in appended table:

Body—Plump, well formed, active.

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Hair—Reddish, fine, curling.

Skin—Singularly smooth, of a delicate pinkish tinge throughout.

Eyes—Brown, limpid, bright.

Nose—Indeterminate.

Forehead—Prominent.

Teeth—Small, white, and sharp.

(*Note.* Upon being introduced to the infant, it playfully bit my hand.)

“William is possessed of a loud, resonant voice which he uses without modulation. Biology may, or may not, be correct in regarding every amœba as endowed with a will of its own; but there can be no reasonable doubt that this term designates a primary and indubitable

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datum of William's consciousness. This datum may be briefly illustrated thus: I met William this morning on the lawn in company with the nurse-maid. He approached me in the most friendly manner and laid hold of my gown.

" 'Do walk?' he stammered interrogatively.

" 'Yes, yes, Master William,' replied the nurse, 'William go walk with Mary.'

" 'No—no—no!' asseverated the infant, his voice rising in ever higher cadences. 'Me not walk wiv Mawy. Me walk wiv my Lamby.

"I own that I was primarily

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shocked and displeased at the want of respect indicated by this mode of address; secondarily, a slight feeling of amusement mingled with the transiently felt displeasure; and, thirdly, the two first emotions were speedily blended in one of fatuous satisfaction at the initial triumph of my influence over that of the individual known as Mary.

“‘You may talk with me, William,’ I said; ‘but you must call me Miss Lamb.’

“The child stared at me thoughtfully. ‘Me walk wiv my Lamby,’ he repeated firmly, and turning his broad, though short, back upon his

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nurse, he drew me away through the shrubbery.

“‘Shall we walk in this direction, William?’ I asked, indicating a path which led toward the house.

“‘No,’ said the infant.

“‘Why not?’ I inquired. I should like to walk this way.’

“‘No,’ repeated William, tersely.

“I yielded to the pressure of the small fat hand within my own, experiencing a certain unknown pleasure in the thought of surrendering my own will to this new but powerful influence.

“‘Me walk to barn,’ said William, pleasantly. And having no

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adequate inhibitive objection to proffer to the child, we strolled down a pleasant path bordered with blossoming rose-bushes, passed a low hedge, and presently came in sight of a picturesque, red-roofed building half hid in trees. At sight of it William chuckled. 'Me like Unc' Billy's barn,' he muttered; 'me dwive horsey wiv Unc' Billy.'

"I drew back hastily. 'We must return to the house at once, William,' I said decidedly. I did not then realize the identity of the individual indicated by the appellation 'Unc' Billy'; but it occurred to me that I had unwittingly

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tingly trespassed upon another's domain.

“‘No!’ said William, tugging me powerfully in the direction of the red-roofed building.

“‘I shall certainly not yield to your wishes in this instance, William,’ I said sternly. ‘You must, instead, surrender to my higher sense of relativity. In a word, we must turn about at once.’

“‘No!’ asseverated William, immediately exhibiting a sudden and intense discharge of nervous energy into the vascular, secretive, and respiratory organs.

“I was surprised. I may even say shocked—at what followed;

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William flung himself violently upon the ground at my feet and gave vent to the most inhuman outcries. Psychologically considered, the situation was a most interesting one, as the infant William was exhibiting in a marked degree that state of consciousness termed 'Bodily Resonance.' I noted the characteristic clenching of the fists; the setting together of the jaws, alternating with a yawning motion of the same as the individual emitted scream after scream of rage, the reddening of the skin; the suppressed and uneven action of the respiratory organs. I was



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indeed so absorbed in observing these (to me unfamiliar) phenomena that I quite failed to hear the rapid approach of foot-steps from two different directions.

“‘Bless his little darling baby heart!’ cried a loud, indignant voice at my back; ‘did she abuse my sweet pet? Come right here quick to his old nurse!’

“‘Do ’way, Mawy; do ’way!’ howled William, beating his heels upon the ground in a fresh paroxysm of rage. ‘Me want my Unc’ Billy!’

“‘Hello, youngster, what’s up now?’ inquired a masculine voice

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at almost the same moment. I looked up hastily, to encounter the eyes of W. G.

“I own that the rhythm and intensity of my whole vasomotor apparatus were quickly and profoundly modified for an instant. The respiratory mechanism, in particular, including the epiglottis and the muscles of the diaphragm, exhibited to a marked degree what has been well termed ‘objectified reluctantism.’ In a word, I was so surprised that I could not for the moment command my powers of speech.

“W. G. spoke first. ‘Oh, it’s you?’ he said calmly.

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“‘Yes,’ I acknowledged, ‘It is I.’

“‘What’s the matter with the kid?’ he demanded, eyeing me with his customary searching gaze.

“‘I don’t know,’ I confessed.

“His face lighted up with an expression of intense satisfaction. ‘Thank God!’ he muttered.

“‘For what?’ I inquired.

“‘Never mind,’ he replied hastily; ‘I’ll explain some other time. Wanted his Unc’ Billy, did he?’ he continued, addressing the infant, who had ceased roaring, and was now performing a series of singular gymnastic exercises up his trousers legs.

“‘Yeth,’ lisped William. ‘*She*

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wouldn't come,' pointing a pudgy forefinger at me.

“‘Of course not,’ replied W. G., surveying me reproachfully over the top of the infant's head. ‘She never will come. She's too awfully busy considering the emotional state of the other fellow's consciousness and observing the rapidly succeeding psychoses. You'll have your hands full with William, I fancy, Miss—ah, I beg pardon, *Doctor Lamb.*’

“‘I am confident I shall find William a most interesting type,’ I answered sincerely. ‘That is, primarily, why I am here. I did not expect to find you here,’ I added

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pointedly. As a matter of fact, W. G. had solemnly assured me only a fortnight since that I should never see him again.

“‘I did intend to clear out,’ he replied gloomily, ‘but—’ he paused and again addressed the child. ‘Want to dwive horsey, kid?’

“William replied by joyously drumming his heels upon his questioner’s broad chest; he was by this time perched on W. G.’s shoulder.

“I could not refrain from looking my admiration of the two, as nearly perfect types of the infant and adult male human.

“He caught my glance and held

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it. 'Will you, for once, do as I ask?' he said persuasively, adding hastily as I drew back in alarm, 'No, it is n't that—this time; I only want you to see William drive. He's a promising whip in embryo; I've got him in training.'

"I reflected for a moment. 'I have no hat on in the first place,' I objected somewhat weakly. 'In the second place, Mrs. Sayre does n't know where we are.'

"'Overruled!' he cried joyously, 'by a more powerful esthetical sentiment. Mary, hurry and fetch Miss Lamb's hat, and tell Mrs. Sayre that we are going to drive.'

"'You are mixing your terms,' I

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objected again; esthetical is not the proper word to apply to my sentiments in consenting to drive with you.'

"'Did I say that I was describing your sentiments?' he answered quickly. 'On the contrary, esthetical is the exact word to define my own sentiments, and it was to them I was referring.'

"I looked up at him with an irresistible feeling of approbation. 'You are improving in your understanding of psychological fact,' I could not help saying.

"'Good gracious, I should hope so!' he exclaimed, frowning into space. 'I believe, if you should

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really set your mind to it, you might make a decently creditable pupil out of me. Won't you try, dear?'

"I made *no* reply. Indeed I have long since laid the embargo of absolute inhibition on all such queries from W. G.; I regard them as worse than irrelevant.

"At this moment the maid reappeared with my hat, and there being no real reason why I should now refuse to accompany the two, I walked with them toward the red barn.

"'Do you know this is really your first drive with me,' observed W. G. when we were seated in the



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trap, with William ensconced between us. He (W. G.) looked so exceedingly well satisfied with himself that I was silent for a full minute, being engaged in an interesting speculation on the nature of imputability.

“‘Me dwive horsey,’ cooed William.

“‘Certainly, my young friend,’ said W. G., passing the lines into the child’s hands.

“‘Surely you are not going to allow the child to guide the animal?’ I inquired.

“‘You are not afraid?’ he asked, looking at me curiously.

“‘I certainly am aware that the

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lower animals do not sense, even vaguely, the relatedness of things,' I replied with some warmth. 'And if so, are they to be trusted?' I could not repress a slight scream as William jerked the left rein in a fit of infant exuberance, and the tall bay threatened to bolt into the creek in consequence.

"'Then you *are* afraid?' commented W. G., and again that puzzling expression of intense satisfaction illuminated his countenance. He laid a strong brown hand on the reins, whereat William gave vent to a sharp little yelp of displeasure. 'Come, William, let Unc' Billy drive.'

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“‘No!’ said William briefly.

“‘Guess you ’ll have to till we get over this railroad crossing, youngster,’ and he possessed himself of the lines in a masterful manner.

“‘No!’ murmured William, and, stiffening his plump body into a rigid perpendicular, he slid off the seat and disappeared beneath the lap-robe.

“‘He’s now correlated to a ramrod by reason of disturbed ideation,’ said W. G., pleasantly. Haul him out, will you? “Bellum” is a bit fresh this morning.’

“I reached down and grasped William by the most salient portion

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of his anatomy. His weight seemed to have increased to an astonishing degree. He appeared, indeed, to be permanently attached to the floor of the trap. 'I can't,' I confessed, glancing up to find W. G.'s eyes fastened expectantly upon me.

"'You can't? Well, upon my word!'" He pulled the lap-robe aside, and glanced down at the huddled mass of infant humanity at our feet. 'Come out of there and drive, William,' he commanded.

"The child instantly raised his hands to me, and I lifted him to the seat with ease.

"'Curious how the action of the

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infant will appear to affect the infant's atomic weight, isn't it?' inquired W. G.

" 'The word "appears" holds the key of the solution' I said lightly. 'The will could not, as a matter of fact, do anything of the sort.'

" 'You don't know William,' he replied.

"It appeared that neither of us knew William. At that moment the infant suddenly leaned forward, snatched the whip from its stock, hurled it over the dashboard with a loud cry, and at the same instant dropped the reins. The whole passed with the rapidity of thought. The animal bounded quickly for-

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ward; then, feeling the loosened reins about his heels, started to run jerkily, gathering headway as he went.

“ ‘Hold the child and keep perfectly quiet,’ commanded W. G. in a low voice. Then he stepped over the dashboard with the utmost coolness, gathered up the reins, and in another instant was back in his place. We were flying along at a terrific pace. I had grasped William in both arms and held him fast. My hat flew off; my loosened hair swept in a bewildering cloud across my eyes. I do not now remember that I was frightened for myself or for William. My

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whole consciousness seemed projected out of my body and fastened upon W. G. I have not as yet been able satisfactorily to analyze this singular fact. There would seem to be no adequate explanation of it in the preceding psychoses.

"I presently became aware that the horse was once more under control, and that W. G. was speaking to me.

"'Can you forgive me for frightening you so?' he asked softly.

"'I—I don't know,' I stammered, not in the least knowing what I said.

"He quietly drew the infant from my rigid grasp.

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“‘Me want dwive horsey,’ observed William mildly.

“I am again at a loss to explain what followed, but as I met W. G.’s anxious eyes I could not refrain from bursting into unreasoning laughter.

“‘What will you think of me?’ I murmured foolishly, as I gathered my disordered hair into a knot and looked vainly about for my hat.

“‘Do you really want to know, dear?’ he asked.

“Of course, this brought me to my senses.

“*Note.* The above should be analyzed with special reference to the psychical conditions of reten-



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tive memory as follows: (1) The vividness of the impression; (2) the temporary mood at the time of its acquisition; (3) the process by which the occurrence was wrought into the texture of mental life; (4) the logical connection between the event and established principles and habits of conduct. *Query*: Does such a logical connection exist?"

## III

MRS. SAYRE removed the yellow envelop without undue haste. "It 's from Jimmy," she exclaimed, with a peculiar smile which was quite

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lost on Dr. Lamb, seated at the farther end of the veranda.

Dr. Lamb was studiously observing the infant William, who in his turn was stolidly digging the gravel path with a diminutive shovel.

“He wants me to come to town this afternoon,” continued Mrs. Sayre. “‘On business,’ he says,—referring again to the telegraphic message. Now, how absurd! What possible business could Jimmy have which would call me into town on a day in July? I suppose”—regretfully—“that I must go. But it’s Mary’s day out, and Jane has a headache. I don’t see how I can leave William.”

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Miss Lamb's serious face brightened. "I should like nothing better than to have William all to myself this afternoon," she said, with some eagerness. "I wish particularly to test the child's conscious awareness as related to the ends and reasons of his conduct. Will you trust him with me?"

Mrs. Sayre's brown eyes twinkled. "I will," she agreed. Then, without apparent relevance, she walked over to Miss Lamb, inserted her white forefinger under the tip of that lady's chin, and stared thoughtfully down at her. "I don't suppose you've given the

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matter a thought, Lamby; but you're quite irresistible in that white gown. It's a pity to waste it all on William."

Miss Lamb blushed beautifully. "I shall not pretend that I do not understand you, Meredith," she said firmly; "and I wish to take this opportunity to tell you that nothing will change my determination."

"About what?" inquired Mrs. Sayre, innocently. "What *are* you talking about, Lamby dear?" She stooped and kissed Miss Lamb with a tantalizing laugh. "It is evident that your mind is becoming rapidly

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obsessed with a single idea—in which case we may look for a train of the most singular phenomena. Do try to reserve a reasonable share of your perceptive faculties for William. He has a way of disappearing, if one loses sight of him even for a moment. I warn you. I shall go out by way of the garden; he'll howl if he sees me depart."

Miss Lamb gazed steadfastly at the industrious infant. William had dug a hole of some dimensions in the middle of the walk, and was engaged in planting pebbles at irregular intervals about the edges

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of it. Miss Lamb made a brief note of the fact in her book of "Tabulated Records."

"Why did you dig the hole, William?" she inquired in a sprightly manner calculated to engage the infant attention.

"I want my muzzer," said William. He arose unsteadily to his feet and stared about him truculently.

Miss Lamb hurriedly noted that The Child had evidently observed his mother's departure, though at the moment of it he had seemed oblivious of the fact.

"I want my muzzer," repeated William, doggedly. The corners

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of his moist, pink mouth suddenly dropped; his under lip projected ominously; two big tears appeared simultaneously in two brown eyes.

Miss Lamb observed these phenomena with mingled emotions. "Don't cry, William," she advised with some urgency. "We'll—why, we'll—" She stared about her distractedly. "I'll tell you; we'll write in the book. Shall we write in the nice book, William?" She proffered the volume of "Tabulated Records" to the infant with a timidly ingratiating manner.

William fell upon the object avidly. He hurled it violently to the earth. He kicked it with an

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appearance of intelligent dislike. He then climbed upon it and jumped up and down. But thus far the experiment was a gratifying success: William had not cried. Indeed, the expression of his youthful countenance had become increasingly cheerful. "I like to tear books," he muttered, stooping to lay hold upon his quarry.

Miss Lamb gazed helplessly at the destroyer; then her eye fell upon a scarlet object, lavishly bedizened with brass bells, which lay in the grass at her feet. She breathed a hopeful sigh. "Just see here, William," she cooed,



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dangling the scarlet object alluringly before the absorbed infant.

"Here is your nice, pretty harness! Let's leave the stupid book and play horsey. Come, dear; *please* play horsey wiv oor Lamby!"

Miss Lamb's pink-and-white countenance had assumed a reckless and dare-devil expression which William seemed to approve. He ceased to center his earnest regard upon the volume of "Tabulated Records," which he dismissed with a final buffet of scorn. "Me play horsey wiv oo," he assented, with immense condescension.

Miss Lamb extended the tin-

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kling harness. "Come, William," she twittered joyously; "come and get the straps on!"

But William stood still in his tracks, staring stonily at the scarlet object. "*Me* dwive horsey," he finally remarked, with a mordant emphasis which the intelligent Miss Lamb had no difficulty in understanding.

"Oh," she cried, with sudden inspirational utterance, "you want Lamby to be horsey. Is that it?"

"Yeth," assented William. "Me want whip, too. Me whip Lamby hard. Me make Lamby do fast!"

Miss Lamb hastily invested herself with the scarlet straps. Then

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she pranced diplomatically before the infant, extending the reins with one hand.

“Me want whip,” repeated William, stolidly.

“Oh, no, William; you do not need a whip,” argued Miss Lamb, earnestly. “Lamby do fast—very fast—see?” and the professor of physiological psychology dashed excitedly up and down the gravel path in an illustrative manner.

William’s thoughtful gaze once more reverted to the volume of “Tabulated Records” which lay at his feet, its learned leaves fluttering in the light summer breeze.

“See, William; here is a nice

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long whip," exclaimed Miss Lamb, pressing a lithe switch hastily plucked from a neighboring lilac into the pudgy hand. "It'll hurt horsey and make her do fast," she added artfully.

William laid a heavy grasp upon the lines, his youthful countenance settling into an expression of masculine severity. "Det—tup!" he exclaimed, and the lilac switch emphasized the command.

Miss Lamb ambled joyously away from the dangerous proximity of the "Tabulated Records."

"Let us go to the sand-pile and dig, William," she suggested, after an erratic and extended course

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through the shrubbery, during which William plied the lilac switch with vigor and frequency.

“Det—tup!” responded William. “Horsey do fast; horsey not talk.”

Miss Lamb’s thoughts wandered longingly to the distant volume of “Tabulated Records.” Mentally she noted: “The Child exhibits astonishing powers of observation. *Query*: Does William possess any adequate conception of the ratiocinative processes as serving the ends of knowledge? Does he not, in this instance, vaguely sense the relatedness of things in common with some of the lower animals?” Her pace insensibly

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slackened to a slow walk. A sharp cut of the lilac switch recalled her wandering thoughts to the psychic instant.

“Det—tup!” commanded William.

During the period of strenuous bodily exercise which immediately ensued, Miss Lamb noted somewhat unscientifically her own sense of fatigue as correlated to the compelling action of the lilac switch. “Why do I not oppose a definite conative activity to the erratic volitional impulses of the infant?” she asked herself.

Suddenly and without warning William pulled lustily upon the

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lines. "Whoa!" he shouted, and again applied the gad to his dispirited steed by way of final reminder.

"What are you going to do with horsey now, William?" inquired Miss Lamb, meekly.

"Me doin' to hits' my horsey-Lamb," replied William, with gratifying mildness. The child's red curls clung in moist rings to his pink forehead, his scarlet lips were thrust into inviting prominence, his round cheeks glowed like the heart of a rose.

Miss Lamb surveyed him with a new and delightful sense of proprietorship. "Do you love me, William?" she murmured, sinking

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to her knees before her taskmaster. By way of answer, the infant precipitated his moist little person into the outstretched arms of the lady. He hugged her mightily with two soft, fat arms in which a surprising amount of masculine muscle was already apparent. "Tiss me!" he commanded.

Miss Lamb obeyed with slavish alacrity. "Will you kiss me, William?" she whispered, hiding her laughing face upon the infant's small shoulder.

"No," said William, calmly; "me dig in sand-pile."

Miss Lamb strove for the moment to content her active mind



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with mental notes. "It is evident that William has already acquired the elementary consciousness of causation as dependent upon conation and in association with the feeling of effort suggested by the use of the muscles. *Query*: How shall I correlate the immediately succeeding idea of digging in the sand-pile to the foregoing esthetical impulse? A most instructive incident from a psychogenetic point of view."

Miss Lamb's fingers closed longingly upon her fountain-pen. "If I could only get that book!" she murmured, glancing apprehensively at the infant. William's broad

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back was turned squarely upon the lady; he appeared completely absorbed in his present occupation of sifting sand into his shoe, which he had removed for the purpose.

After a strenuous mental argument with her volitional consciousness, Miss Lamb arose and stole furtively away through the shrubbery.

An hour later Mr. Gregg, ensconced in a hammock on his own veranda, somnolently engaged in some unknown but pleasing train of thought, became aware of the hasty approach of a charming but somewhat disheveled figure. He sprang to his feet.

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“Are you there, Bi—I mean Mr. Gregg?” inquired a faint voice.

“Miss Lamb!” exclaimed Mr. Gregg. “Why, what has happened? What is the matter?”

“I’ve lost him,” wailed the lady, sinking down upon the steps of the veranda in an attitude of poignant despair. “What shall I do?”

Mr. Gregg sat down at her side and thoughtfully passed an arm about her slender waist. “Lost what, dearest? Tell me—do.”

“I’ve lost William!”

Pressed for an explanation, Miss Lamb further confessed her nefarious abandonment of the infant in order to regain the volume of

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“Tabulated Records.” “I was gone for only a very few minutes,” she urged, “and I kept looking at a bit of white which I could see through the trees, and which I thought was William’s dress. But, oh, it wasn’t his dress at all, as I found when I returned; it was his hat which he had thrown down. I’ve looked in every conceivable place since, and I can’t find it.”

“Find what—the ‘Tabulated Records’?” Mr. Gregg wanted to know. He appeared strangely unmoved by the terrible intelligence, and Miss Lamb turned upon him with sudden fierceness.

“‘Tabulated Records?’” she

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cried. "No; I did not find that wretched book. It has disappeared completely. Did you suppose for an instant that I came here to tell you that? No; I meant the infant—I meant William. And you"—with gathering indignation—"don't seem to care at all."

"Yes, I do," amended Mr. Gregg, seriously. "But, you see, I'm used to this; William runs away bi-weekly, on the average. I guess I can locate him without much trouble. Did you inquire at the stables?"

"Of course I did," declared Miss Lamb. "I've looked everywhere, and he's—he's gone, I tell

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you! Do you suppose"—in a heartbreaking whisper—"that some wretch has stolen him?"

Mr. Gregg looked grave. "I had n't thought of that," he admitted. "See here, dear; you're utterly played out with the heat and excitement and all; just wait here for a minute, while I glance into one or two of the infant's favorite haunts. I'll unearth the young rascal—see if I don't!"

Miss Lamb looked up at him tearfully. "If you only will," she murmured faintly, "I—"

"Well," said Mr. Gregg, pausing expectantly.

"Oh, I'll do anything for you—

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*anything!*” wailed Miss Lamb, with a reckless gesture. “Only find him! If he’s lost, what could I say to Meredith! She warned me not to leave him even for an instant.”

Mr. Gregg walked rapidly toward the stables with the air of a man suddenly confronted with the gravest crisis of his life. He came presently upon his coachman, placidly rubbing up a bit of silver-plated harness in the open door of the carriage-house. “Were you here, Mulligan, when Miss Lamb stopped to inquire after William?” he demanded.

“Yis, sor,” replied the man, imperturbably.

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“Then why are you not scouring the neighborhood for the boy? Drop that harness this instant; call every man on the place, and set them to looking for the child. I ’ve got to find him at once.”

Mulligan grinned cheerfully. “If you ’ll just step this way, sor, I ’ll put you on to the track of the young gentleman. Bless ’im! ’e ain’t born to come to no harm, sor, that ’e ain’t—if the women-folks ’ll only leave ’im be.” The man tip-toed into the carriage-house, beckoning his master to follow. And there, curled snugly under the seat of the trap, his curly head pillowed comfortably on a lap-robe, lay Wil-



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liam, a pink thumb in a pinker mouth, his eyes closed, his plump body plainly abandoned to delicious and fathomless slumber.

Mr. Gregg started forward with a smothered exclamation of relief.

“Better leave ’im to get ’is sleep out, sor,” objected Mulligan. “It ’s bad luck to be wakin’ a child out of a rest like that, sor; ’e’s the life worrited out of ’im with bein’ took care of too much, poor little chap!”

Mr. Gregg stood for a moment, lost in thought. Then he laid a compelling hand on Mulligan’s shoulder. “See here, Mulligan,” he said, when the two were outside once more, “do you suppose you

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could put a horse into that trap without waking up the kid?"

"Sure, sor," grinned Mulligan; " 'e's good for an hour, easy."

"It 'll be worth ten dollars to you if you can, my man. Be quick about it; there's no time to lose."

As Mr. Gregg approached the house, he perceived, to his delight, Miss Lamb sitting upon the steps of the veranda, in the same dejected attitude in which he had left her.

"You haven't found William," she greeted him in a tone of calm despair. "I didn't expect you would. I have thought it all over since you left me, and I see quite plainly that I have brought it upon

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myself. It is an inevitable sequence. To think of my preferring a book of 'Tabulated Records'—or any sort of book—to—to William! I wonder how *any* one could love me all these years! No; don't speak to me! Don't try to comfort me!"

"But I only wanted to tell you that I have news of—that is, I think we shall be able to get on the track of— Come, dear, brace up! We shall have to drive for a bit, and there's no time to lose. If he should wake up before—" The mendacious Mr. Gregg groaned aloud in wordless agitation. "Hold on a minute," he added

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hastily; "I must ring up Dr. Morton before we start."

"Who is Dr. Morton?" demanded Miss Lamb, with stony composure. He had rejoined her with an expression of countenance which left no room for hope. "But, no; you need n't tell me. I understand it all now. I shall be brave—I shall shrink from nothing."

Mr. Gregg had grasped the agitated Miss Lamb by the arm and was hurrying her forward with long, irregular strides toward the stables. "Is it all right, Mulligan?" he whispered, as he handed the lady to her place.

"Yis, sor," replied Mulligan, as

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he touched the brim of his cap;  
“’e’s tight as a trivet, sor, bless  
’im!”

“Where are we going?” ventured Miss Lamb in a small, weak voice. They had driven a mile or more along the quiet country road, and Mr. Gregg had thus far offered no sort of explanation. He had, instead, stared unremittingly at the back of his horse, a slightly grim and forbidding expression on his handsome face. Miss Lamb put out an imploring little hand. “Won’t you *please* tell me?” she begged.

Mr. Gregg looked down at her, the grim look deepening into one

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of masterful determination. "Yes," he said sternly, "I will tell you. But first you must promise to answer truthfully three questions. Will you do it?"

"Y-e-s," faltered Miss Lamb, with a frightened quiver of her sweet, pallid face.

"First," began Mr. Gregg, with business-like coldness, "what is your name—your given name, I mean?"

"My name is Rosemary," replied Miss Lamb, staring at her inquisitor with wide blue eyes. "But why—"

"Never mind why; you will see presently. Question number two

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—be careful to answer this truthfully. Do you love me, Rosemary?”

“I—I don’t know.”

“Be careful,” frowned Mr. Gregg. “Once again: Do you love me?”

“Y-e-s,” faltered Miss Lamb. “But”—with a sudden rush of poignant recollection—“I’ve no right to love anybody now that William is—”

“Never mind William; I’m coming to him directly. Question number three: Did you, or did you not, promise, without reservations, to do anything I asked, provided I would produce the boy?”

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"I—I don't know," prevaricated Miss Lamb, wildly.

"Well, I do," said Mr. Gregg, coolly; "and, what is more, you do, too. Now I 'll tell you what I want right now. I want you to marry me."

"You 'll have to produce William first, and"—with wan triumph—"you can't do that!"

"Can't I?" asked Mr. Gregg. "Just watch me!" He leaned down and fumbled under the seat. A sharp little yelp of displeasure greeted the exploring hand.

"Oh! What is that noise?" cried Miss Lamb, with a start of rapturous amazement.



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"The youngster 's pretty nearly as heavy as when he 's mad," grumbled Mr. Gregg. "You 'll have to help me get him out of here."

"But you knew where he was all the while," objected Miss Lamb, reproachfully, after a few minutes devoted to the joys of blissful reunion.

"Upon my word, Rosemary, I did not. That is, I did n't know it when you promised to marry me."

"I did n't promise to marry you."

"You promised to do whatever I asked, and"—triumphantly—"you knew that was the only thing I cared about. You 've known it for years."

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“But—but, you did n’t mean now—right away? I—I could n’t, you know. You were joking, weren’t you, Billy—dear?”

Her look of entreaty was so dangerously sweet that Mr. Gregg almost lost his head. It was William who happily recalled him to his senses.

“Me want dwive horsey,” murmured the infant, gently.

“I meant every word of it, dearest,” said Mr. Gregg, firmly. “In fact, I telephoned Dr. Morton before we left home; he ’ll be expecting us.”

“Who is Dr. Morton?” demanded Miss Lamb, crisply.

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She straightened her trim figure slightly as she asked the question.

"We—want — dwive — horsey!" vociferated William in stentorian tones.

"Shall I give him the reins, Rosemary?" asked Mr. Gregg, glancing at the lady with a quizzical smile.

"No—oh, no! That is—I think I would rather get out, please," faltered Miss Lamb.

Mr. Gregg drew up sharply before a neat white house half hidden in trees. "Um—yes," he said; "well, we 'll all get out here for a few minutes."

An hour later, when Mr. Gregg

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pulled up his big brown cob with a brazenly triumphant flourish before the veranda of the Sayre residence, its master and mistress were discovered talking anxiously together. "—Completely disappeared; I found his hat and one shoe," Mrs. Sayre was saying, when she broke into a cry of relieved astonishment. "Why, Lamby, where *have* you been? Do you know we've been almost frightened to death about William? I might have known you were at the bottom of it, Billy Gregg. What have you been doing to make Lamby look like that? And William, too! Oh, you shock-

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ingly dirty child—with one shoe off! Come here to your suffering parents.”

“He’s been best man at a wedding,” explained Mr. Gregg, cheerfully, as he handed the infant over the wheel; “and that nearly always knocks a fellow out, you know.”

“I beg your pardon, sor; but I thought maybe you’d have missed this, sor,” interrupted a respectful voice from the rear, and Mulligan presented to view a torn and mud-died mass of pulpy paper, which appeared to have been written over in a small, neat hand. “I hope, sor, as it ain’t anythin’ valyble; I

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found the bull-pup a-chewin' of it behind the stables. I'm afraid he's e't up a good bit of it, sor."

Mrs. William Gregg glanced at the object thoughtfully. "It appears to be my volume of 'Tabulated Records,'" she said, with astonishing calmness. "Thank you, Mulligan; you may take it away."





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